

Sporting Life.

The Dead March from Saul is what the fans are chanting these days over the corpse of the erstwhile flourishing Utah League. It was killed by the peanut policy of the president and manager of the Salt Lake team, who were naturally supposed to have the strongest aggregation of ball tossers in the field, this being the banner town and the mainstay so far as getting the big gate receipts was concerned; but "nay, nay." The rottenest "whatever" was too good for the local supporters of the game. Somebody might have lost a nickel in the rakeoff if an effort had been made to get a few swift players give. "Give the public any old thing in the player's line. They'll stand for it. We can get through this season and put away a little cigarette money by living on the reputation of last year's team. What's the use of digging up the needful for good men when there are a lot of dubs only too willing to make a front, fill out the lineup on the programme and work for a meal ticket," seems to have been the policy pursued. Well, the public did stand for it for a while, but at last the end came, and now the "wise men" at the helm can sit around in the shade and think of what might have been.

The end came, as was predicted in these columns at least four weeks ago, for the simple reason that the powers "what were" sat around and had pipe dreams when a move in the right direction would have allayed the outcome. Ogden and Salt Lake could not drive the other clubs out of the combination so they could have an easy road for a two-club league. Logan and Lagoon refused to be bluffed and played out their string, forcing the Lobsters to quit like a yellow dog. This opened the eyes of what players the Wings had on the list, and they jumped for better berths where the money was sure and the season guaranteed. This put the Wings to the bad. With no team they could not hope to continue. Then came Lagoon's surrender, after the blowing up of the league was manifest. With no team and no rivals, Logan being too far away, there was nothing else for Salt Lake to do except throw up the sponge. Then came the proposition to secure Buck Weaver's services to manage and captain a team here. Gimlin was ready and willing to handle a team at Ogden and by just touching the wires could have brought nearly all his old men back inside of a week. Then there was the pick of the Lagoon and Logan teams to fill up both the Salt Lake and Ogden organizations. This would have resulted in the fans getting a taste of the "big league" ball played here last year and the money would have poured into the box office. Numerous local devotees of the sport said that with such a proposition they would back up a team here to the limit, so long as they had a man like Buck Weaver at the head of it whom they could trust. Several of them were ready to put up \$200 apiece to support such ball. But, no. Harry must stick by George, and, together, frame up a scheme to make a little coin by starting a City League of amateur clubs. No two-club scheme was listened to. That the promoters will fairly wallow in wealth was proved by the attendance at the opening game between the Salt Lake Hardware and Fort Douglas teams, when a mob of fully fifty people saw the contest. Any man attending one of these bunco games must have had trouble with his wife and taken such a chance as one form of suicide.

The attendance at the Calder's Park and Fort Douglas games has also been up to the high standard set in the opening contest, and will undoubtedly continue throughout the remainder of the season.

Logan and Lagoon held their players together until last Wednesday, when they went to the mat

and took the count, after giving an exhibition game at Lagoon Sunday which was one of the best articles of baseball seen here this season. Our good old friend, Buccaneer Weaver, left for the Northwest League last Friday, where he will finish out the season. The other players have all got something in sight.

The Logan ball fighters are the luckiest in the bunch. Talk about winning a home! Why, the Loganites will not allow them to leave the city. Nearly every man of them is provided with a lucrative position for the winter. A couple of them will act in the capacity of thirst-destroyers; one has signed to sweep the floor and tend the furnace in a drug emporium; another will attend to a bowling alley, while the rest have either got away or joined some of the Farmers in forming a searching party after Harry Tracy. Thus ends the once prosperous Utah League.

Having nothing else at present to wield the hammer on, we will take a small shot at the rich basket of bicycle peaches handed to the acute and far-seeing public this season. Yells have gone up after some of the so-called races which could have been heard by a deaf man at Cape Nome. Kicks have been registered which, if delivered to an elephant on State street, would have given him a chance to count the minute marks on the clock of the city and county building as he brushed by it; hammers have been flying until they looked like a crazy pinwheel working overtime—and with just cause if the inside truth were known—but when the regular night of the next meet occurs, there are members of the old guard in their accustomed seats—and you can't miss them—eagerly waiting for another chance to have the cycling hop thrown into them.

As anyone who has followed the game of motor-paced match racing in the cycle line knows—if he's not a dummy—it is nearly as crooked as foot or horse racing, which are the two crookedest sports on the calendar. Frame-ups, jobs, etc., between the riders, or the men working the motor, or both, are as common as Chinks in Plum Alley, and in six out of ten races—yes, even more of a ratio—the result of the game is known by the contestants before the starter's gun cracks. Of course there are exceptions to prove the rule. There's a whole lot of slips between the start and the tape in the cycling world, and sometimes even the riders who have fixed up a deal are the ones who are fooled.

As an illustration, a story which has been going the rounds anent the recent match race between Frank Hoffman and Harry Gibson is not "so worse." Chapman was to pace the former with his motor and Oldfield the latter. Now if there is anything in his "whole life" that Chapman relishes it is to take a fall out of "Baby" Gibson. On the day of the race "Foxy Grandpa" Chapman ran afoul of a story that the two riders had got their heads together, with the result that Hoffman had agreed to lay down to Gibson. This sent "Grandpa" up into the air. Knowing full well how fast Hoffman could follow the pace, Chapman went down to the track with the avowed intention that, if his man once lost the pace he set him, it would be a case of "lay down." In the event of such a thing taking place Chapman said that he would stop the race, take his motor off the track, make such explanation as he saw fit to the referee and then take Hoffman to some secluded place and beat his head off. He also said that he intended to acquaint Mr. Hoffman of the fact before he went on the track. That he must have done so was evident from the easy manner in which the ex-amateur rode rings around Gibson, who could not follow the pace set by his opponent in a hundred years—in his present form. So there you are. How do you like it?

General Funston has been conspicuously silent regarding the whereabouts of Tracy.

The rehearsals of "Corianton" are progressing very satisfactorily. Mr. Blair left for New York this week and will return next week with the complete costumes for the members of the troupe. These costumes will be the richest and most elegant in design of anything that has ever been placed upon a Salt Lake stage. Of the large number of visitors who have witnessed the rehearsals at Odd Fellows' hall, there has been but one expression of opinion voiced regarding the success of the coming presentation. They are unanimous in predicting an unqualified success for the unique drama, and speak in highest terms of its grandeur of conception and magnificence in spectacular and ballet effects.

Ringling Bros.' mammoth circus and menagerie will open in Salt Lake City on August 6th, and will give its patrons two days of red-hot, up-to-date sawdust jollity. The street parade will be the "grandest ever placed before the American people, and covers several miles in length." Everything from long-tailed monks to rubber-necked giraffes will fill the eye and delight the heart of the small boy, while the ever present jester of th ring will meet the demand for the pleasure-loving public.

The hippo with his broad smile will be in evidence, which the magnificent collection of trained horses, elephants, dogs and monkeys will supply amusement for the little ones. Ringling Bros. are past masters in the art of amusement givers, and will maintain their justly awarded reputation during the coming week.

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